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NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Oct. 2d, 1858.

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VOL 6. NO. 139.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUGUST 23,

1862.

William Lloyd Garrison:

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FOR
SEPTEMBER,
1862,
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CEREBRAL DYNAMICS. By Isaac Ray, M. D., Superintentendent of the Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.

A NEW SCULPTOR. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

PLAYS AND PLAY-ACTING.

OFF SHORE.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR. By the late Theodore Winthrop.

RIFLE CLUBS. By H. W. S. Cleveland.

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A RAY OF HOPE.

Sanguine Spinster.—"No more single men to be appointed to the Police; how fortunate! Wait till they come to draft the bachelors, and then!—"

Men's Trials.

"This is the kind of weather that tries me," said young Methuselah, languidly, as he stretched his flaccid person upon four blocks of ice.

"But," rejoined old Methuselah, "I thought you considered yourself a Judge of the weather, eh?"

"And so I am," said young Methuselah.

"Then why don't *you* Try *it?*" suggested old Methuselah.

Our "Plates."

At a late meeting of the National Committee, it was among other things truly resolved that "the time has come for the nation to put on its whole armor."

Well, now, which of you is going to stick on the first postage-stamp? Don't all speak at once.

Columbia's Wager of Battle.

Wager Halleck.

Sticks to Us like Wax.—Our Tar.

A Financial Reflection.

The adhesive postage-stamp is nothing but human fly-paper, after all. We can't help flying to it, and we are sure to get stuck.

Definitions.

"Mumm's Cabinet."—A kind of Green Seal.
Lincoln's Cabinet.—A kind of Green Zeal.

A Sentiment.

The Sickles Brigade:—May they Reap as the Rebels sow!

GEMS FROM THE HERALD.

When the Admirable Crichton, who presides over the "Times of America," has a grand theme for the display of his genius, he dips his pen up to the handle in the well of English undefiled, and goes in. On Sunday morning last he produced a three-column article on "The Navy," which is so terse, so exhaustive, and so supereminently clear, that we cannot refrain from giving a couple of extracts, by way of showing the miserable imitators of the *Herald* across the water, the true tone and quality of that original and enlightened mind which exercises the same control over public opinion in this country, that moonshine exercises over the tides of the sea. Here are the extracts. We italicise the strong points:

"The *hurried* activity displayed at all our naval stations now is a convincing proof that the Government is determined to crush the present rebellion speedily and *successfully*."

"The determination of the Government to *carry out and speedily crush* the rebellion, has attained *such magnitude* that all other Powers have become jealous, and are viewing our movements with *such cautious scrutiny that they are completely amazed*."

Imagine the "magnitude" of a "determination" capable of *carrying out* a rebellion and *speedily crushing it successfully* at one and the same time; and think, too, O reader! if your brain is able to grasp the immense idea of the terrific spectacle of the other powers "completely amazed," in fact flabbergasted, by their own "cautious scrutiny." Since Mr. Branch gave up the publication of his great literary rival of the *Herald*, the "Anaconda," we have seen nothing in print comparable to the article referred to. Invidious persons, who are inclined to detract from the merits of the Napoleon of the Press, attribute the article to Secretary Welles, but those best acquainted with the style of the responsible editor of the *Herald*, feel assured that he wrote every line of it.

Too True.

"Ah," said the Lodger, "I wish I were a good joke!"

"Why so?" asked Our Contributor.

"Because, if I were, you'd give me Currency!"

THE PLAINT OF THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

I am a very dirty little Stamp,
My back is gummed, my face is dimly blurred,
And yet I am, in commerce, cot, and camp,
Familiar as the well-known household word.
Yet oh! to think that I should ever be
Converted into legal currency!

Now, on an envelope I'm not so bad,
And I take letters through both cheap and neat;
Sticking to one thing was a way I had,
But now I stick to everything I meet.
And oh! to think that I could ever be
Passed in the place of metal currency!

To do my duty I did ne'er refuse;
But woe is me, for I have fallen low;
I'm passed for vulgar drinks and oyster-stews,
And dirty shaves—'tis that that sticks me so!
Alas! alas! that I should ever be
A victim to the dearth of currency!

Thumbing and gumming have quite worn me out;
I'm drab and dingy now, instead of red;
My back is weak, and soon, without a doubt,
If I am passed much more I'll lose my head.
O sorry day! when I did chance to be
Put to the use of baser currency!

Cut 'em Off.

The Poet was reading in the papers of a party of Rebel Guerrillas that were surrounded and imprisoned, out West, lately, simply because they knew nothing of the style of warfare they had adopted.

"It must have been mortifying," observed the reader.

"Mortifying!" cried X., "yes, worse; it was a Gang-green!"

ETHAN SPIKE ON "SKEDADDLE."

CANADY, Aug. 12th, 1862.

ARTER I licked SAM PEABODY—or, as some mulicious persons did say, arter SAM licked *me*—an, bein instigated as aforesaid, did further say that I was so licked that I believed like a weaned calf when his rations of the maternal lacterineous fluids is first cut off. This statement of my inemies must be taken with a good many grains of onsartinty. Toe be sure, in that orful skrimmage, I did think I hern suthin drop, and it is also true that when I got hum an looked in the glass, the mug that looked aout of it at me was so bunged an generally spylt, that ef I'd met it in a cornfield, I shouldn't hev known it from a warty punking in the kerlapsed stage of the tater-rot. Haowsever, as I remember layin daown, takin SAM right on top of me an holdin him there a good while, I cant think I was licked.

Prehaps I shant get posthumorous justice in this sinful state, but when I've snufled off this mortial kyle, when I've gone the way of all SPIKES, an the places that didn't know me before will hev forever lost the chance of forming the acquaintance—then, when history records this gret battle, will I be sot right. History is a rum customer, an it will insist on knowing whatever bekim of tew thirds of SAM PEABODY'S left ear, ef I was licked!

But, as I was goin to say—Arter the lickin which SAM or I got—an for pertikerlers of wich futurity is respectfully refered to the aforesaid history—I jined a Peice Convention, hevin first offered myself toe the Shakin Quakers, which religious body had no occasion for me—an, with a few exceptions, hev ever since maintained a stiddy testimony agin wars an fitins—likewise agin all briles wh-tsomever. But when I see that England threatens—in case we invade Canady—to kim over in the Gret Eastern an bumbard Boston—all the fust man ADAM, with a sprinklin of METHUSALEM an TUBAL KANE, ris in my bussom. I chucked my Peice badge into the fire and told Peice Conventions an Shakin Quakers to go to——Texas, I think it was, but I wont be sartin, as when I'm riled I'm apt to chaw terbaker an swear both.

For, says I to myself, says I, we sertingly shall invade Canady. Aour folks hev pretty much sot their minds on stirin up them bluenose Kernucks with the longest kind of a pole, squilchin their high craowned hats an reducin their unsarcumsised coat collars to the Quaker standard. An for doin this nighborly act, for thus improvin the condition of them fog-struck, herrin-eatin sinners; we're to be paid off in bom-shells!

The fires of 76 ris in my bussum—they blazed—they increased till they marked 86 in the shade!

I tuck a snifter of old rye an felt like a "giant refreshed with wine." I tuck another, an felt like two giants; then, arter lickerin a few times with some friends, I maounted the horse-block an made one of them thrillin war speeches for wich I am so justly sullerbrated. My peroarration in pertikular was considered painfully splendiferous.

I peeled off clean daoun to shirt and trowsis, stomped on my hat, and squared away at England.

"Kim on," says I, "brung aout yer red-coats—yer infernal biled lobsters! Who keers a brunagem cuss for yer lion! He's a supermoonerated old critter that orter go to a dentist. Why, bless yer silly old soul, JOHN! we manyfacters tom-cats in this hum of the brave that'll lick all yer wild beasts an beastesses, an holler for more.

"Trot em aout, trot em aout!" I yelled. "The American Eagle is a whettin his bill an puttin his tale fethers in order. He's just abaout makin a slight lunchin of JEFF. DAVIS an his gang, wich will give him an appetite for your mermaidons for dinner!

"Kim on, old slow-coach—old fatty—an bring Mounseer NOSEY along too, ef you like, aour bird will moast likely want him for supper."

I put my name to the roll at onct, an then, arter a little suthin to drink, I had a cocktail or two with some more friends, an felt like three giants an BARNUM'S fat woman, all tandum, with Maj. NUTT under the waggin. Then I took a leetle beer, wich made me feel like PETER—commonly called the hermetically sealed—an started on a crusade to the adjining taowns.

There is a partial wail of obscurity over my doins for the remainder of that ewentful day. Enough, haowsomever, has kim aout to show that I signed the roll in five diferent taowns and three times in the last!

This was distressin. True, it was patriotic, for I had volunteerd a hull platoon in my own pro prior personification. I was *multum in ipsy dicksy*—a host in myself—a sort of *E pluribus onion* read backerds! Still it was distressin. I didn't feel warlike—them giants hed all gone and taken PETER the Hermit with them. I hed no money, nobody offered to treat, so, you see, I had no material for gettin up arry a giant, or even the smallest kind of a PETER.

What was toe be did? I couldn't fill all the places I had agreed to—I hate partiality, so I skedaddled, an shall probably remain in Canady till things get more settled daoun in the States. My health is quite poor. A root an airb doctor told me long ago, I'd got chronic konvalessence lurkin somers in my system. A leetle retiracy from activve duties may preserve my valoocable life a leetle longer for my country.

My inemies—all good men hev em—the gooder the more—will misrepresent me in this as they did in the PEABODY skrimmage—but I agin fall back on history to set me right.

For the present I content myself with quotin from Dr. WATTS on MARCELLUS, slightly altered for the occasion:

> "More safer fur, Skedaddler exiled feels,
> Than ef he dwelt on tented fields."

ETHAN SPIKE.

THE SONG OF THE DRAFT.

FROM Washington City an order there came,
And the mighty great STANTON emitted the same;
For it suddenly burst on his far-sighted ken
That the Army of Union yet needed more men;
And some shook with dismay as they saw paragraphed
The order official, announcing a Draft.

And here there was one who, where toddies are sold,
Had raved in a manner uncommonly bold;
Who had marked with his beer a campaign on the table,
To prove HALLECK a fool, and MCCLELLAN unable;
And he sobbed, as his julep he nervously quaffed:
"O gracious! what's this that I hear of a Draft?"

And others, in dread of their spines or their scalps,
Felt a passionate love of the Rhine or the Alps;
Inside their brave bosoms observed an emotion
Of love for the grandeur and glory of ocean;
So they rushed to the steamers, but forward or aft,
Not a berth could they get on account of the Draft.

The amateur braves, who, in buttons and lace,
In Broadway had shown a militia-man's grace,
Had displayed to their own and the ladies' delight
All soldierly things save a soldierly fight;
Oh! they felt their knees knocking, their brains going daft,
As they read in the papers the news of the Draft!

While another, accustomed the platform to shake
With that species of eloquence called Wide-Awake;
Who charmed all the hearers below him, agog
With benevolence partly, and partly with grog;
As he read the brave order of war to the haft,
He appeared half-inclined to dishonor the Draft.

And the newspaper warriors, scorning to shrink
When they led the long columns of type and of ink,
Experienced straightway a weakness of back,
Which they'd never observed when they fought for the black;
But they swore for the honor and pride of the craft,
They'd continue to *write* in defense of the Draft.

But the jolly brave fellow who never knew fear,
Said: "When my land wants me, I mean to be here;
I'm stout in my lungs, and I'm stout in each limb;
My ear isn't dull, and my eye isn't dim."
So at Doctors' Certificates loudly he laughed,
And awaited, in peace, the result of the Draft.

Pass the Bowl.

THE following item, gathered from a contemporary, suggests pleasant remembrances of what people dread so much now—a general draught:

"The Marseilles journals mention a player of bowls, named MOREL, now in that city of such great skill at the game, that, not satisfied with beating his adversary as an ordinary mortal, he carries on his head while playing a pyramid of six bottles, which, whether he is bowling, picking up his bowl, or in motion, never loses its perpendicular."

What we want to know about this MOREL is, whether he empties the contents of the six bottles into his bowl as soon as he has picked the latter up, and whether he maintains a particular attendant for the purpose of picking *him* up, should he "lose his perpendicular" after swallowing the copious potation. Let this go, however: the MOREL of the story has its force, which is this:—If you want to "beat your adversary as an ordinary mortal," carry the bottle outside instead of inside your head.

WEAK KNEES.

HARDLY a day passes that we do not hear somebody or another complaining of the ludicrous nervous affection known as "weakness of the knees," which, until within two or three weeks past, was a malady sturdily ignored even by those constitutionally afflicted with it.

The diagnosis of this humiliating affection may be extended as follows:

At all hours of the day, and night, the patient is subject to convulsive starts. He gets up, suddenly, from his couch, or chair, and makes a bolt for the door, falling flat upon his face, however, before he has gone two paces, owing to tremor in his knee-joints.

The sound of a drum, trumpet, or other martial music in the street, throws the patient into a cold perspiration, the least check of which induces delirium. In his ravings during this state, the patient frequently tears his hair with great violence, ejaculating at short intervals, "Me mother! me mother!" and expressing wishes that he was either a boy again, and under eighteen years old, or more of a man, and over forty-five. It is between these two ages, only, that weakness of the knees is ever known to make its insidious attacks.

Thirst is an invariable concomitant symptom of the malady. There is a craving for alcoholic beverages, from the stimulating effects of which the patient is enabled to stand upright for a few minutes at a time. He is then usually very pugilistic, and even sanguinary, but falls down flat on his back if any person happens to be so inconsiderate as to point, or even look, suddenly at him.

Post-mortem examinations of persons who have died of weak-knees, have disclosed the singular fact that their livers had turned to chalk of the most dazzling whiteness.

They are very sensitive to sudden drafts, and will even get into a chest of drawers, or under a bed, to escape one. A mania for moving away to foreign countries possesses them, seeming to increase in proportion to their loss of locomotive power in the legs; with regard to which latter, however, it is a notable magnetic fact that, like the polar needle, they ever turn toward the North, and seem capable of putting at a tremendous pace for Canada, especially.

The climate of California is sometimes craved after by the unfortunate afflicted with weak-knees. A pamphlet on the subject, however, has lately been published by Dr. LINCOLN, in which he conclusively upsets the fallacy that change of climate is conducive to vigor of the knee-joints; indeed, he goes so far as to say that patients attempting to leave their country on the approach of a crisis must do so at their own risk. Dr. LINCOLN, is of course, a standard authority on such subjects; and yet we venture to disagree with him as to the judiciousness of preventing such cripples as those in question from trying the effect of foreign climates. Fortunately, we have only a few thousands of them among us, and we think that the very best course the Government could take respecting them would be to ship them off cheaply to some distant and desolate island, under the denomination of Fright.

A VERY USEFUL INSTRUMENT.

IT is announced in *The Tribune* that the new organ at the College of St. Francis Xavier will "imitate the sounds of a hail storm, the singing of birds, and the human voice." We happen to know that this is not all. It has also been constructed to crow in the morning to wake the porter; it will deliver a lecture on Astronomy; it will do the washing and ironing of the College, and in case of emergency, by a most ingenious arrangement of the bellows-handle, it can be used for flogging delinquents; while it is under perfect control, having Forty-two Stops; being Forty-two more than any known Member of Congress; with Four Key-boards, each able, by its ravishing music, to steal upon us in a way which cannot be surpassed by even Four Boards of Aldermen, with all the Keys of the City. St. F. X. may now be considered an exceedingly well-organized college.

AS IT HAPPENED.

"GENERAL MCCOOK was in his ambulance, wounded, when shot by the guerrillas. This atrocious murder was committed near Salem, Alabama."—*Telegram, 7th August*, 1862.

I.

The wounded Chief in his ambulance,
(Softly, slowly,
O'er ground unholy,)
Fell among ogres by War's mischance,
Oh! a sad chapter of War's romance.

II.

Along the wood-road angular,
With jolting revolting,
But nigh the halting,
Lumbers the hearse-like hospital-car—
Hearse like they go that hearses are!

III.

And out from the copse where the ground lay low,
(Ping! ping!
Hear the swift lead sing!)
Caitiff cur-men, they come and go,
(Brave dogs to bay round a dying foe!)
And they shot the Chief in his chariot slow.

IV.

Gentler, far, by the Gaboon River
Dwells Gorilla,
The weird man-killer,
Than the skulking brutes at whose footfalls quiver
The Ala. vines. O LYNCH! lawgiver,
String them aloft, unshrift by shriver!

THE TRUTH, AT LAST.

THE plumpest example of bare, unadorned Truth that has been exhibited for a long time, is contained in President LINCOLN's "talk" to the Committee of Colored Men by whom he was visited on Thursday last. "On this broad continent, not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours," said Mr. LINCOLN—who might have added, "nor married man, either." "But for your race among us," continued the President, "there could be no war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other." Here, indeed, we have the mark of the hand muscular with "mauling rails," and now brought down smartly over the knuckles of the Rabid Abolitionists with playful severity. WINDALL PHILLIPS must wince at this. LLOYD GARRISON is *known* to have bitten off both his thumbs in consequence of it. GREELEY has plunged his aching fists into a strawberry poultice; and the venerable chieftan of the *Evening Post* has been seen skedaddling about the business district of the city, with a barrel full of ashes upon his head.

Let us congratulate the good African, that the plain, unvarnished, no-kid-gloves-on, manly, full-blown, righteous, unpalatable truth has at length been conveyed to him in a delicately gilded pill.

To Parties Concerned.

WE hear strange stories of men cutting off their fingers so as to incapacitate themselves from using fire-arms, and so escape the draft. Now, cannot some of those ingenious mechanics who construct spurious limbs, contrive false fingers to match the false hearts of fellows who would thus render themselves unserviceable to their country in her hour of danger? These they should be compelled to wear; but it might be as well to cut off their feet, so as to prevent them from running away—as such chicken-hearted ninnyhammers would be likely to do, in case of a fight.

A "Man Made of Money."

IT is stated by the Western papers that Mr. SILVERMAN, a Chicago Banker, who went to Memphis upon a cotton speculation, was robbed by guerrillas, and afterward lodged in Memphis jail. This, if true, is sad; but our mind is really so much out of gear owing to the frightful state of our present currency, that we, who have seen nothing better than a Postage-Stamp man for ever so long, cannot but envy the Memphis guerrillas their possession of a real SILVERMAN.

THE SUBSTITUTE BUSINESS.

SIMPKINSON, WHO HAS ADVERTISED FOR A SUBSTITUTE RESEMBLING HIMSELF, IS TAKEN ABACK BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE DESIRED PARTY, WHO SAYS THAT "WITH A BLACK COAT AND A PAIR OF JOUVIN'S KIDS, HE THINKS HE MIGHT PASS MUSTER FOR S."

A Paradox for the Army.

IT would be outrageous to call Military men Laymen, and yet they are all more or less subject to a Halt.

We Move.

WERE any evidence still wanting to prove what a military people we have all at once become, it might be found in the fact that several contracts for Fencing and Flagging have just been negotiated in this city.

Not a Square tender by any means.

THE Postage-stamp—as anybody may see by taking its measure.

A QUADRILATERAL which we are all bound to take.
The postage-stamp.

THE Field-Marshal's Baton that BRECKINRIDGE didn't clutch.
Baton Rouge.

"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"—as the man said when he found the three-cent piece among his postage-stamps.

Rhodomontade.

WE are told that Rhode Island is going to raise a negro regiment. This is bad for GREELEY, for WIND-ALL PHILLIPS, and for *id genus omne*, whose cherished Colossus, the Ethiop, is now about to go into business on his own account, as a Colossus of Rhode's.

DIABOLICAL effects of the Postage-stamp as currency.
Styx everywhere.

A CURRENCY CAROL.

AIR—"Gaily the Troubadour."

HURRAH for letter-stamps,
Down with the mints.
Henceforward change shall be
Called by its tints,
"Reds," "browns," "greens," "yellows," "blues,"
Send us in showers,
Leaves, 'stead of solid fruit,
Henceforth be ours.

Silver, the jingling stuff,
Vanishes quick;
Stamps less erratic, when
Pocketed, stick.
Dimes, halves, and quarters go
Swift as they come.
Post-office cash we keep,
Longer, by Gum!

Funny the colloquies
Heard in all trades,
Since all our shiners went
Down to the shades.
Barkeepers charge for drinks
Solely by hue;
Lord! how the "greens" mount up
If you get blue!

All business done in stamps
Clearly is fair,
Seeing the payments made
Needs must be square.
Keep then the game alive,
Add to the batch,
Into "the current" throw
Nothing but Patch.

JONES AGAIN.

WHEREVER JONES goes, whatever JONES does, there is always sure to be something connected with his movements that borders on the humorous—which is the less remarkable, however, because JONES considers himself a top-sawyer of a tragedian.

At Boston, the other day, for instance, JONES issued notices that he was going to treat the *élite* of that city to a lecture. He doesn't spell his name JONES, now, indeed, as he did when we knew him forty or fifty years ago: he spells himself JOANNES, now, and calls himself a Count—which, by the by, is a title that ought to be reserved exclusively for Lightning Calculators, who would be certain to Figure respectably with it.

JONES's advertisement at Boston ran thus:—

"The Count JOANNES will deliver a lecture to ladies, exclusively, at Tremont Temple, Aug. 18, 1862. None but ladies will be admitted.
"The Mayor will preside."

From the above are we to infer that Boston, in its brimming loyalty, has sent all its men away to the battle-field? If none but ladies were to be admitted to JONES'S lecture, and if the Mayor presided at the same, it is obvious that the latter dignitary does not belong to the masculine gender. Assuming such to be the fact, we may of course conclude that City Mothers, not City Fathers, rock skilfully the cradle of that crooked town, and that Alder-women and Common Council-women may be seen sweeping its streets with a brigade of Bridgets at their command. Would that we could arrange such a desirable state of affairs here!—only then JONES might be down upon us with a lecture, and our native garbage, even, is better than that.

Physiological Phenomenon.

NOTWITHSTANDING the saying of physicians, that perspiration is frequently checked by a Draught, we notice that since a Draft has been talked of, a good many able-bodied men are getting in a sweat about it.

Fastidious Albion.

MRS. BRITANNIA AND FAMILY, WHO WOULDN'T BE SEEN AT BUTLER'S NEW-ORLEANS VARIETIES FOR THE WORLD, SEEM TO ENJOY THEIR OWN CHINESE TRAGEDY AMAZINGLY.

AT THE FERRY.

Loyal Citizen.—"I WISH TO VISIT THE NEIGHBORING TERRITORY OF NEW-JERSEY, IF SUCH INDULGENCE IS NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE RECENT ORDER AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST."

THE PRO-SLAVERY TRIUMPH.

AIR—"The Assyrian came down like a wolf," etc., etc.

SPECULATION'S triumphant—the people are sold—
In the Ogre's foul palm lie our silver and gold.
"To the Devil," he cries, "with the public—to me
What are *meum* and *tuum*, bosh! fiddle-de-dee."

Ah! the tonsors of Wall street are shaving us clean,
We have put our fool's noses their fingers between,
And the razor of Greed, edged on Knavery's hone,
Skins alive in the process the "Sinew and Bone."

The spirit of DIVES, from Hades upcast,
Is on furlough, it seems, while this struggle shall last,
And his kin in the flesh, with a blood-thirsty thrill,
Clap their hands for the strife that brings grist to their mill.

There's the swindle in contracts—the premium beside,
On the coin to the million, who need it, denied,
And these sources of wealth, to which Fashion lends wings—
While the nation weeps blood—speed the dance at "the Springs."

Though our champions are falling like leaves in the vale,
And the widowed and orphaned are loud in their wail,
There are revels afoot—undisturbed by the moan—
Among jubilant rascals, with plunder o'erblown.

Gross Belshazzars, beware, lest, 'mid music and mirth,
A dread hand—ay, the PEOPLE'S—from darkness come forth,
And prefigure your fate, without flourish or trope,
With a cross-beam, a pulley, JACK KETCH, and a rope.

Something in the Wind.

GOVERNOR ANDREWS, of Massachusetts, availing himself of a documental flaw, has decided to draft the negro along with the white man.

We were going to make some caustic remarks upon the matter; but, on consideration, and allowing for the thermometer and the dog-days, we think we had rather not stand between Governor ANDREW and That Draft.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

WE have been favored with the following programme of a Grand Entertainment, shortly to be given, in some handy place, for the Benefit of Whom it May Concern. Many distinguished names appear on the list, and a full attendance is expected.

PART I.

MUSIC; by the Orchestra: "Hard Times, come again no more," with vocal chorus of Leading Merchants.

SOLO; by ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "All's Well!"

RECITATION; "Lines on the James River," by General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

[These Lines were composed during a frightful series of battles on the Peninsula, and have commanded the admiration of the whole world, excepting, perhaps, the Abolitionists.]

SOLO; by a Heavy Exchange Broker: "I've got a Shilling."

"I've got a shilling, a jolly, jolly shilling;
I love a shilling as dear as I love my life;
I've bank-notes to lend,
And postage-stamps to spend,
But my silver I shall hoard throughout the strife!"

SONG and CHORUS; "Fake Away!"

[Messrs. FLOYD and DAVIS have been invited to execute this characteristic melody, but their appearance is doubtful, as the police will be in attendance.]

PART II.

MUSIC; by the Orchestra: "Army Calls."

CHANT; by General JOHN CHARLES FREMONT: "The Sacrifice of ABRAHAM."

[The gentleman will sing this out of the wrong side of his mouth.]

NATIONAL AIR; by Lord LYONS: "Britannia Rues the Knaves."

SONG; by Governor MORGAN, with Chorus by Other Parlor Officers: "How Merry *We* live that Soldiers be!"

SONG; by a Private in the Army of Fighters before Richmond: "*My* Lodging is on the Cold Ground!"

APPEAL; by General HALLECK: "Three Hundred Thousand More."

[As the General will hardly have time to complete this effort soon enough, he will probably give only a Rough Draft.]

SONG; by a prominent Army Uniform Contractor: "Judge not a Man by the Coat that he wears!"

CHORUS; by the Members of the Cabinet: "Many Men of Many Minds."

PART III.

MUSIC; by the Orchestra: "The Music of the Union."

RECITATION, Poem; "Pity the Errors of a Poor Old PAM."

[The Premier of England has been invited to deliver this.]

THE COMMANDER TO THE EDITOR; RECITATION: "How Doth the little busy *Bee?*" General BUTLER. To be followed by a Glee between the same gentleman and the Provost-Marshal of New-Orleans: "Guy no more, Ladies!"

SOLO; by General FREMONT: "All in the Downs."

THE PRESIDENT TO HIS MINISTER-OF-WAR; SOLO: "Come, Arouse Thee!"

REPLY; COMIC SONG: "Time enough for that, says I!" Secretary STANTON.

NEW MARSEILLAISE; DUET, by the Editors of the *Tribune* and *Evening Post:*

"Ye Sons of Afric! strong and musky,
Hark, hark what idiots bid ye rise!
Your children, wives, and grand-ires dusky—
Behold the way they roll their eyes!"

SONG and CHORUS of New Rear-Admirals: "We belong to GIDEON'S Band."

READING; from "The Mountebank:" HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The whole to conclude with a Grand Chorus by Abolition Senators and their Friends the Contractors: "Forty Thieves."

Saddle *vs.* Skedaddle.

"A HORSE-DEALER" writes to us to inquire whether Draft horses will be purchased by the Government for the purpose of mounting Drafted men.

This is a question with which we do not feel ourselves competent to deal, as we are not a Dealer, neither have we a great deal of confidence in that craft generally, on account of its craft. In our opinion, however, regular Saddle horses ought to be provided for such troopers as stand the draft, and regular Skedaddle horses for such sneaks as don't, in order that we may get rid of these last as soon as possible.

TWO FAGOTS AND A FOOZLE.

A FIERCE controversy has been raging between the *Daily Times* and the *Tribune*, with regard to the comparative fitness for limbo of the two fire-brand orators, VALLANDIGHAM and WENDELL PHILLIPS; the corollary of which argument is, that there is nothing to be said in favor of either fire-brand.

As for VALLANDIGHAM—we believe the gentleman eases off his rather trip-up name by pronouncing it VALLAND-MN—as for VALLANDIGHAM, we say, so outrageously has he aired his ultra-secessionist proclivities during the past Winter and Summer, that, like DEJANIRA'S famous Yoke Shirt hung out to dry, their contact was dangerous to the members of the body politic who happened to stray within reach of their wild flutterings. So intent indeed was VALLANDIGHAM, for many months, upon digging up dirt wherewith to bespatter Mr. LINCOLN and his Government, that he at last dug himself into a hole in the ground, out of which his voice may now occasionally be heard, hoarse and sepulchral, like that of Prince HAMLET'S departed, but still iron-plated, parent. So far as the popular suggestion goes with regard to securing VALLANDIGHAM behind the prison-bars of Fort Warren, we object to it, simply on the score of expense. He would not be worth the amount of gum-paper which it would cost to keep him there, and it is far wiser, therefore, to let him remain in his hole-in-the-ground, casting, if necessary, an occasional shovel-full of rubbish upon his head, to keep him down. Let the latter pleasing task be ours; that is, we will bind ourselves to furnish and use the shovel—the rubbish must be found by VALLANDIGHAM himself.

WENDELL PHILLIPS—WINDALL is better, perhaps—is an abler man than VALLANDIGHAM, and, therefore, a worse. We say "therefore a worse," because his talents are, equally with those of the former, directed to the overthrow of the Union, and he has more of them to butt with. We flatter PHILLIPS by using the expression "butt" in connection with his mad rushes, but we hardly know what the respectable ram would say from whom we borrow the figure. Different in other respects also, from VALLANDIGHAM, PHILLIPS has never yet dug himself more than ankle-deep into the dirt, because he possesses the rare faculty of filling up the chasm with vituperation as fast as he opens it.

But a singular fact has leaked out during the controversy already alluded to, namely, that the *Tribune* has stolen a balloon from the *Times*. The eccentric old party by whom the former sheet is "inspired," as the French expression goes, sketched upon his paper a cartoon of VALLANDIGHAM and PHILLIPS, falling from an air-balloon plump upon the ramparts of Richmond. The thing was done to illustrate the probable reception of each of those worthies in that city, under the circumstances propounded; but the *Times* has put in an injunction upon the balloon, and the *Tribune* is under a rule to restore it, at the loss of gas and costs.

Something ought really to be done with the various old party who inspires the *Tribune*. Egyptian MEMNONS are but small mysteries compared with him. Duskier and more shadowy he grows day by day, reminding us now, in his miry mazings, of nothing so much as a curious fossil once see by us in a museum, with this label pinned to its shrivelled form:—"Penguin found in the guano of the Island of Ichaboe, coast of Africa, 30 feet below the surface. Supposed to be 3000 years old."

MARCH UP!

MARCH up and claim the bounty, boys,
Fight of your own free will,
Your country with imploring voice
Tenders the sword—the Patriot's choice
She proffers to you still.

Before Conscription's arm of steel
Shall make its stern arrests,
Before the Eagle's grip you feel,
The thunderbolts accept, and deal,
Unforced, on rebel crests.

March up and place each strong right hand
In Freedom's shining palms,
Let it go forth to every land
That in our gates the legions stand
Singing their hero psalms.

Singing: "O Land! to thee we owed
In peace all gifts benign;
Thou art in peril, point the road
To victory, we need no goad
Our arms, our lives are thine."

March up, like freemen as ye are,
Your strength the nation needs,
Elect to fight, and let not War
Chain you, like helots, to his car—
Away! your country bleeds!

A Rare Chance for Contractors.

VANITY FAIR finds in a Western paper the following queer advertisement:

"To Rent—A house on Melville avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum orchard, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums."

V. F. recommends this opening for an investment to the whole corps of Cameronian Contractors. A Plum, as we have been informed, is, in commercial usage, equal to $500,000. A better opportunity for a clever man to make his fortune has not presented itself to The World in general or *The World* in particular, for some time. It beats the Porter and Ale Business all hollow. Where's CUMMINGS? CUMMINGS, Go In!

Man-'o-War Jack, to the Secretary of the Navy.

"You've gone and stopped the grog for the Salt of all the Nation,
The sailors and the middies they all look mighty blue;
And I say, if I only could still have had my ration,
I'd still have, perhaps, ad-mi-ration but for you."

The Quality of the Public Voice.

THE French word *timbre* has a great many significations. Talking of a sonorous singer, French critics will say that he has a good deal of *timbre* in his voice.

Timbre also signifies, to a Frenchman, the dirty little quadrilateral known to us as a postage-stamp; putting which and what together, it would be pretty safe to swear that the public voice has a considerable allowance of *timbre* in it, just now.

Mythological Reflections.

JUPITER was a fine fellow, and no mistake. When he wanted to be very smart, he came down in a shower of gold; but who ever heard of his sticking himself on to any of his friends as a row of postage-stamps?

There's nothing new under the sun—not even Vulcanite Jewelry. VENUS must have worn a good deal of that, unless her husband was a very mean man. Our VENUSES here say that they wear a good deal of it *because* their husbands are very mean men.

The most modern-like thing we know of in mythology is the fact that CUPID used frequently to travel about under the alias of E. ROSS—just as the Prince of Wales called himself Baron RENFREW, when he visited us here.

A VOICE FROM ON DECK.

I.

OOD Mister WELLES, my mind is set,
And I must say my say or die:
I never minded getting wet;
Why should you keep me dry?

II.

On sprees I never used to go;
I took my ration — *quantum suff.* —
But then, I am a Salt, you know,
And salt is thirsty stuff!

III.

When nausea would not let me sup—
When winds did blow and skies did frown—
Grog often kept my spirits up,
And kept my victuals down.

IV.

Each Salt that roves the briny wave
Will tell you I have truly sung;
And what you at the spigot save
Will leak out at the bung.

V.

Since you've pronounced the fatal word,
Our fun goes never quite so far—
And pray, what could be more absurd—
A sober, jolly Tar?

VI.

I used to sing a merry stave,
However loud the tempest roared;
But now, my energies I save,
There's not a Stave on board.

VII.

Without my grog, I feel afraid
To venture where I've little room,
Yet 'tis a portion of my trade
To go upon a Boom.

VIII.

Now, Mister WELLES, I'll say good-by,
With hopes that, in a little while,
We water-dogs may not be dry—
We jolly Tars may Smile!

THE NEW CURRENCY—SEND IT ALONG.

IT has hitherto been a common complaint among the impecunious, that money wouldn't stick in their pockets. But, since the reign of postage-stamps, money sticks in everybody's pocket. Indeed, we have heard people complain, lately, that they were "lined" with it. What more could CRŒSUS have said of himself? We hardly know whether the new state of things is a blessing or not. We fear, not. Money is getting to be so plenty that the possession of it confers no distinction. On a windy day you can see it flying through the air. It is nothing but paper, to be sure, but what difference does that make, since the universal suspension of specie payments? Gold commands a par, certainly, but it is an illegitimate par at best, or it wouldn't be commanded. As for silver, paper looks upon it now with something very like contempt, as who should say, "My turn has come, now, who are you?" In fact, a man with silver or gold about him in these times is looked upon as a suspicious character. There is something coarse and metallic in his appearance which is positively repulsive. The new currency is light and elegant. It is also, as we have suggested, cohesive, and sticks to you like a friend. There is no shaking it off. Indeed, you have to treat it with a certain consideration, else you can never get rid of it. On that account it is hardly the currency to lay by for a wet day, but on every other it is admirable. Currents themselves couldn't be better—nor even Mr. GREELEY'S strawberry plants. We begin to say to our subscribers, therefore, that they need have no hesitation in sending it to us in any quantity, even if they compel us to open a post-office. We are not proud, and can truly say that VANITY FAIR is thankful for the smallest favors, whether in the way of puffs, puns, or postage-stamps.

(N.B.—Country papers please copy.)

"SAUCE FOR THE GANDER."

"WHAT'S sauce for the goose," saith an old proverb, "is sauce for the gander."

The ganders may think differently, but we appeal from them to the geese. We allude particularly just now to the geese and ganders who come under treatment, respectively, at the North and South, for opposing public sentiment. The goose at the South who is found in this position is at once either "roasted" or hung so high that he can never come down. The dear gander at the North approves of this course, but objects decidedly to undergoing the same treatment, on the ground of its interfering with the great principle of individual freedom! In this particular case, it is contended that what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander. The gander is to be permitted to go hissing about our streets with entire impunity, while the first hiss of the goose at the South is to cost him his life. The geese object to this as unfair, but the ganders say that "circumstances alter cases," and it is all right. But on this question we take a decided stand on the side of the goose, and insist that what is meted out to him shall be promptly meted out to the gander.

There are no geese at the South, just now, as they have been utterly exterminated. Meanwhile, however, New-York is full of ganders, and it is time that the work of extermination were commenced upon them. We don't wish to be cruel, but we must insist upon some such measure, not only out of regard to a highly respectable old proverb, but as the most fit tribute we can pay to our unfortunate friends the geese. "Fair play is a jewel," and there can be no fairer play than to seize upon all the stray ganders at once, and let them know, from experience, that the lot of the goose has been as hard as Southern sauce could make it.

GOOD OF THE "TRIBUNE."

ONE day, last week, the *Tribune* took a dram—(by pausing here, we make a little joke, you see)—the *Tribune* took a dramatic turn, we would say, and, in a paragraph devoted to war policy, went and quoted "RICHELIEU," thus:

"*Richelieu.*—Remember my grand maxims! First, employ all methods to conciliate.

Louis.—Failing these?

Richelieu.—All means to crush!"

This little circumstance is greatly in the *Tribune's* favor: it proves a kind of culture for which we did not give the *Tribune* credit. From various though small symptoms exhibited by the *Tribune*, we have lately been led to infer that the *Tribune* never reads anything except the *Tribune*, but the paragraph referred to gives evidence that the *Tribune* studies the teachings of VANITY FAIR, in the number of which for 9th February, 1861, exactly the same quotation may be found, with exactly a similar application.

It would be absurd, of course, to assume that the *Tribune* has wit enough to apply "RICHELIEU" to Richmond, as above, without the prompting of VANITY FAIR.

The Question d'Argent.

B. F. to G. W.—"Look here, friend George, we are about to have a good many Hard Rubs; I propose that, hereafter, we Stick Together!"

And they did.